

SONG OF THE DRINK.

MRS. TERWILLIGER.

WITH garments faded and worn,
With eyes that with weeping were
red,

A woman sat till the hours of morn,
Waiting his coming with dread.
Wait! wait! wait!
Till the heart is ready to sink:
And still in a sad, despairing tone,
She sang the song of the drink.

"Drink! drink! drink!
While the sun is rising high,
And drink! drink! drink!
Till the stars are in the sky.
It is oh! to be carried in strife
Away by some barbarous band,
Rather than live, a drunkard's wife,
In the midst of this Christian land.

"Drink! drink! drink!
Till the brain is all on fire:
Drink! drink! drink!
Till he wallows in the mire.
Rum, and brandy, and gin,
Gin, and brandy, and rum,
Till down in the gutter he falls asleep,
And I wait—but he does not come.

"Oh, men enriched by the drink,
Whose collars are filling up,
Not drink alone you are dealing out,
But a skeleton in the cup.
You sell! sell! sell!
Though its victims downward sink;
Swallowing at once, with a double gulp,
Grim Death, as well as a drink.

"But what is there fearful in death!
To me it would be a relief;
And better far for my little ones
Were their time on earth but brief.
They suffer with pinching cold;
They supperless go to bed.
Ah, me! so much for the father's drink,
And so little for children's bread.

"Drink! drink! drink!
The thirst is still the same.
And what does it cost! An aching head,
A weakened and trembling frame,
A comfortless home, where covering forms
Shrink from his presence with fear;
A body debased, a polluted soul,
And no hope the dark future to cheer.

"Drink! drink! drink!
Each day and all day long:
To drink! drink! drink!
A captive fast and strong.
Gin, and brandy, and rum,
Rum, and brandy, and gin,
Till the heart is hardened, the reason be-
dimmed.
And the conscience seared to sin.

"Down! down! down!
With none to pity or save,
Down! down! down!
Into a drunkard's grave,
While the busy, thoughtless world
Goes whirling flaunting by,
With never a thought of the soul that's lost
Or the widow's and orphan's cry,

"Oh, but to grasp once more
The hand of friendship sweet,
To feel again that human hearts
With sympathy can beat!
Oh, but once more to know
The happiness I knew,
When the light of love was in his eyes,
And his heart was brave and true.

"Oh, but only for once
That welcome voice to hear,
That used with kindly words to greet
His wife and children dear!
Smiles and caresses then were ours,
But curses now and blows.
Oh, the bitter life of a drunkard's wife
None but a drunkard's wife knows."

With garments faded and worn,
And eyes that with weeping were red,
A woman sat till the hours of morn,
Waiting his coming with dread.
Wait! wait! wait!
While the heart is ready to sink;
And still, with a sad, despairing moan,
(Oh, that its desolate, heart-rending tone,
Could reach and soften each heart of stone!)
She sang the song of the drink.
—Morning and Day of Reform.

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER IN THE ARMY.

SHRIMP was the name by which little Walter Cameron was generally known. He was only fourteen years old, and being small, he did not look even as much as that. But what could he do? A mere child, what was the use of sending him to do battle with the Arabs of the desert, or the still more fatal heat of the sandy Egyptian plains? Well, perhaps, I should hardly have called him a soldier, for his work was not to fight, but to blow the bugle; still he was a member of our brave army, and I doubt if in all the ranks there was one more faithful, more obedient, than little Walter Cameron.

His father had died when he was quite young, leaving him "the only child of his mother, and she was a widow." He had always wished to be a soldier, and so she had let him have his way. He enlisted in 1881, and being gifted with a strong musical taste, he soon learned to blow the bugle very correctly, so that when his company was ordered to Cyprus he was too useful to be left behind.

You might think it was not much to do; but you know there are various bugle-calls, and with only a few notes difference between them, so that unless the bugler is very particular, there might easily be mistakes and confusion. And that was just what Walter was; his calls were so clear, that the soldiers were always quite sure what they meant, and what they ought to do.

So his mother, though she grieved to part with him, felt proud that her little son was so worthy to be trusted. And, ah, her best confidence was that Walter was a soldier of the Cross as well as of Queen Victoria. He had early given his heart to Jesus, and his earnest wish and prayer was that he might continue His faithful soldier and servant to his life's end.

The little bugle-blower went out to Cyprus, and from thence in the year following to the war in Egypt. He did his duty at Kassassin; he was there to meet the troops after the attack on Tel-el-Keber. Now he saw something of the real horrors of war, and the sight of the dead and dying haunted the boy's tender spirit night and day. At last came the homeward voyage, the English welcome, and the mother's arms about his neck.

Next came the review of the troops before the Queen. As the youngest who had served in the Egyptian army, Walter understood he was to have the honour of receiving a medal from the hands of Her Majesty.

But two days before the time he was seized with fever, the result of fatigue and exposure, and was carried to the Woolwich Hospital. It was very touching to hear the wanderings of his mind, as he asked repeatedly after the much-desired medal.

"Am I too little to get a medal?" he would say. "The men used to call me 'Shrimp.' I know I am only a little chap. Did the Queen say I was too little? But, indeed, I tried to do my duty, and the biggest fellow could do no more. I tried never to say I was tired on that march."

For seven weeks he lay ill, his mother watching beside him, till, as the year waned away, it became too

evident that his young life was waning too.

"Mother," he said to her one night, when his consciousness had returned; "mother, I have something to say to you. Mother, I am dying."

"Are you afraid, my darling?" she asked.

"Oh, no! no! not afraid. Mother, Jesus knows about you, but I am going to tell Him a lot more."

Then he seemed to think himself back at St. Mary's Church, at York, where he had once been a chorister, and above the howling of the wintry wind rose the clear though feeble voice of the dying child, repeating the familiar responses. Sometimes he would gaze upward, as if listening to something unheard by others, and would sing:

"Lo! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand."

The long ward was filled with sufferers, but he heeded them not. His eyes, fast closing on earthly things, were already drinking in some faint glimpses of the glory to be revealed. The Saviour, whom he had loved, was with him as he again sang:

"O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end,
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!"

It was his last hymn. As the last moments of the year rolled away, the spirit of the little bugler-boy entered into that better country where there is no more war—no bloodshed—but where "Jesus is in the midst," "and where His servants shall serve Him, and His name shall be in their foreheads."

And when, soon after, the Prince of Wales visited the patients in the hospital, the mother of Walter Cameron said, "His comrades have seen the Prince, but my boy has seen the King in His beauty."

A GLASS OF BEER.

"MAMMA," said Bessie Ashton, "didn't you say that a glass of beer made a person feel good, and that it was healthy and harmless?"

"Why, ye-, Bessie, I think I did," answered Mrs. Ashton slowly, somewhat puzzled at Bessie's question.

"Mrs Thompson don't think so, mamma. The poor woman just cries nearly all the time."

"Cries?" interrogated Mrs. Ashton, in surprise, for she believed her neighbor to be one of the happiest of women.

"Yes, mamma, cries all the time," repeated Bessie, with emphasis. "Mr Thompson's cheeks look puffed away out and his face is always so red. She says he is cross and scolds continually. But he didn't use to be that way. He only drank one glass of beer then; now he can drink six or eight, and he gets mad at everything. It don't seem to make him feel good or look healthy."

Mrs. Ashton's countenance assumed a serious change. She felt keenly the force of the rebuke, but answered:

"Mr. Thompson should not give way to his appetite for drink. I'm sure one glass can do no harm."

"That's just what he thought," spoke up Bessie. "But Mrs. Thomp-

son says it had him down on his back before he was aware of it."

"Well, I don't know," answered her mother abstractedly. "I drink a glass occasionally; it don't seem to affect me."

"It don't puff your cheeks out, mamma, but it makes your face awfully red sometimes, and you can drink more than you used to."

Mrs. Ashton stopped to think. She could drink more than she used to. Bessie had told the truth.

When supper time came, instead of beer, a glass of fresh sweet milk stood near her own and her husband's plates. Mr. Ashton opened wide his eyes when he sat down to eat, and as his wife finished relating the conversation between herself and Bessie, he caught the child in his arms and kissed her affectionately, remarking, "Not another drop of beer shall ever enter my home!"

And he kept his word.—Selected.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"LITTLE by little," the Tempter said,
As a dark and cunning snare he spread

For the young and unwary feet.
"Little by little, and day by day,
I will tempt the careless soul away,
Until the ruin is complete."
Little by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the region of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
"Little by little, day by day."

—Temperance Record.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE JAPANESE.

IN Japan every one has to carry a lantern. By day and night, it is seen dangling to his belt, not in the form in which we see the lantern in England, but resembling a thin, flat box. Each end of this box is fastened to a sort of paper, which, lying in folds, forms, when drawn out, a lantern. Further, the Japanese carries a tiny wooden box, shaped like a cylinder, to hold his candle. He also carries a small medicine-chest, a curious contrivance which draws out half a dozen little boxes, each containing a small portion of some especial medicine. In appearance it is like a small, carved box. Then he carries a fan, a pipe, and a short sword, and any thing else that may or may not be useful to him. The belt of a Japanese is therefore a very important part of his dress. His slippers consist of a sole with a worsted thread at the upper end, through which the great toe is thrust to keep it on the foot. His pillow is most unlike a thing we should imagine, being a frame-work of whalebone or some other such substance, into which the back of the neck near the head fits. This is to keep his knot of hair in order, for the Japanese has not his hair dressed every day, and therefore is obliged to take care of the piece which is greased and bound into a tail, the rest of the head being closely shaved.

It is not possible for a Christian man to walk across a road of the natural earth, with mind unagitated and rightly poised, without receiving strength and hope from some stone, flower, leaf, or sound, nor without a sense of a dew falling upon him out of the sky.

"A CAPACITY to do good, not only gives a title to it, but also makes the doing of it a duty."